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# BENEFICE. A COMEDY.

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By R. W. D. D. Author of *ITER BOREALE*.

Written in his Younger Days: Now made Publick  
for promoting Innocent Mirth.

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*Ridentum dicere verum  
Quid vetat?*

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Licensed and Enter'd.

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THE

BENEFICE

A

COMEDY

BY W. D. HOWARD

WITH A PREFACE BY THE AUTHOR

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# TO THE READER.

**T**Is now several Years since these Papers, of the most Ingenious Dr. R. Wild's first fell into my Hands. Which (having been the occasion of so much Innocent Mirth and Diversion, not only to my self, but to all I ever communicated them to) I thought fit, at length (lest I should seem either Envious or Injurious to others) not any longer to engross the Pleasure of them wholly to my self; but to invite the Publick to share in this, no contemptible Priviledg, by the Publication hereof: Which, without the least Diminution, Addition, or Alteration, is here presented to thee in the Author's own Words.

A further Recommendation being needless, to what will so assuredly Recommend it self, being Read, I shall only add, That if Pure Wit, Harmless Jest, True Mirth, and Good Design are taking, I need not doubt but what followeth here, will highly Please, and Oblige thee to the Publisher,

Farewel.

*Dramatis Personæ.*

**I**nvention.

Furor Poeticus, *An Humorous Poet.*

Pedanto, *A School-Master.*

Comædia, *A Girl.*

Ceres, *The Goddess of Harvest.*

Marchurch, *The Parson of a Living.*

Ursley, *His Kitchen Wench.*

Mar-Pudding, *A Coisnean; Nephew to Marchurch.*

Book-Worm, *A Young Divine.*

Sis Homily, *An Old Curate.*

Hob-Nail, *Marchurch's hind-Servant.*

Phantastes, *A meer Scholar, newly come from the University.*

Goodman Scuttle, *A New-Englis Basket-Maker.*

Two Watchmen.

A School-Boy.

Tinker, and a Gypsie his Wife.

*Scena præsentis arbitrio.*

**THE**

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T H E

# B E N E F I C E .

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A C T the First.

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*Behind the Curtain a School-Master at Study writing, with many Books before him; and a little Boy under him with his Grammar in one Hand, and Bread and Butter in the other.*

[ Enter *Invention* and *Furor Poeticus*. ]

*Invention comes in Studying. After a Pause, he steps back and calls Furor Poeticus.*

*Invention.* **F**uror, Furor. So--Ho--Ho. "ЕУЕНКА,--ЕУЕНКА."

*Enter Furor, Panting and Blowing.*

*Furor.* Good Master *Invention*— Oh— You are too quick for me. You are in as much haste as a Schollar to get a Wife, or an Heir to Sell his Land. *Hey Presto— Whip and away; your Brains are as nimble as if Projections and Monopolies were alive again.*

*Inven-*

*Invent.* Come *Furor*, you know I have a deal of Work to do; since my name was *Invention*, I never knew such a busie time.— Let me see my Table-Book; What Business have I to dispatch? [*Pulls out his Table-Book.*] Ho! *Bodkin* the *Taylor*, I must invent for him new Fashion'd Breeches, with a Tippet here behind to turn up, that Gentlemen may go to Stool and not Untruss. *Item*, I must invent a Plot, how the *Papists* may escape the *Purgatory* of the *Parliament*.

*Furor.* I have a Plot for that. Let them put their Heads through an *Hempden Rosary*, and say three *Ave Mary's* with a Wry-mouth; and I'll be their Bondsman they need not fear afterwards.

*Invent. Memorandum*, I must invent a Plot how the *Scots* may get more Money, when that they have is gone.

*Fur.* Pish— That's easie. Let them come for't.

*Invent.* Arm's for a *Welsh-Man*.

*Fur.* Two Trees *Rampant*, and another *Crossant*, a Ladder *Ascendant*, an Hangman *Couchant*, the Rope *Pendant*, and the Fields *Sable*, &c.

*Invent.* To help a Chamber-Maid to her Maiden-Head.

*Fur.* If she be Handsome, she shall have mine.

*Invent. Memorandum*, Parson *T. M.* must have a Sermon made against *Christmas*, Pret. 2 s. 4 d. Hem.— Mr. *Sec.* would learn to Preach after the New Cut.

*Fur.* And that's not the short Cut, I'm sure.

*Invent. Item*, I must find out a Cure for one that's sick of two Livings.

*Fur.* Let the Incumbent sweat three Weeks for Anger; suck his Thumbs with Patience; be soundly Cup'd twenty four Hours: After that, take the Wax of an old Commission for a *Divine* to be a *Justice of Peace*; and to it add a Quart of *Abel's Wine*, a Pound of *Brumfield's Soap* that hath escap'd a Scouring, with an handful of *Coring's Tobacco-roots*; mix them with the Oyl of *Lambs Grease*, boyl them in a Corner'd-Cap from an *Arch-Bishop* to a *Bishop*, from that to *Dean*, from that to an *Arch-Deacon*, from that to a *Prebend*, and so to a *Commissary* (if you can Decoct them so low) then strain

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Strain it through a *Lawn-Sleeve*; let it cool: *Piat Emplastrum*. Lay this to one of his *Temples*, and his *Plurisy* will leave him.

*Invent. Item*, I must find out, How many Religions there be in *London*.— *Item*, Whether *Strafford* be dead with his Head off.— *Item*, I must make *Verfes* for a young Gentleman, upon a *Louse* that was found in his Mistress's Head, six Foot long, upon the fifth of *November* last.

*Eur.* — Avaunt Six-footed Monster, if I catch thee,  
My Pollux Onix quickly shall dispatch thee.

[*Invention* looks about him.]

*Invent.* Brother *Euror*, where are we?— What Place is this? It should be a Conventicle, with so many Heads and Faces in it, and all together in a Barn too.

[*Boy* behind the *Curtain*] As in presenti perfectum format in avi:

*Invent.* Heark— Here's a School, I think. [*Euror* peeps within the *Curtain*.]

*Eur.* Ay, and here's the old one in his Form, as sad as if he had two Livings, and had Sold one of them: He looks as Melancholy, as if some Woman had Scratch'd him by the Face, for whipping her Boy; Or if he were studying to Decline.— Hift— Hift.— Come hither little Boy.

[*Enter Boy*.]

*Boy.* Now Gentlemen, what's your Pleasure?

*Eur.* Prithee what's thy Master studying on? He's so close at it.

*Boy.* Why, He's making a *Play*, for an *Exclusion*.

*Invent.* And hath he done it?

*Boy.* Done it! I think he hath gnawed three Quills to the Hilt, for a Line or two. The Frost hath gotten into his Nose I think; and till his Brains be thawed, we shall not have a Drop more done in it. I think, if the Clasps and Keepers of Hope, did not hold up the Breeches of Discretion, He'd do't in's Hose: And yet he hath all  
the



the Play Books in the Country to help him. Like the Cuckooe, he sucks other's Eggs: Here he steals a Word, and there he filches a Line, as we Boys do for Theams. He hath studied himself out of his Wits about it, and if it should not take, (I hope it will not) I believe it will be his last. He'll run away for shame.

*Invent.* And why do'st thou hope it will not take?

*Boy.* Why? Because I have never a Part in it.— But he shall come short of a *Christmas* Dinner, my Mother says. *Kissing goes by Favour*, she says.— Pray ye Gentlemen step in to him, while I run home to Breakfast. [Exit Boy.]

[*Invention draws the Curtain aside.*]

*Invent.* By your leave Sir,— God bless your Learning.

*Fur.* { *Apollo* blefs thy Brains, thy Brains so fickle,  
And Soufe them in pure Heliconian Pickle.

*Invent.* Marry, and Soust Hog's Head is no ill Meat, *Furor.*

*Pedanto.* Gentlemen you are welcome. Ye take me at a hard Task here.

*Fur.* Why? Prithee *Pedanto* what's thy *Negotium*?

*Ped.* Why Gentlemen, my Trade is to teach Wild-Geese how to fly in the Figure of Criss-Cross-Row.— That is to say in English, I am a School-master; and here against *Christmas*, I am blowing my Nose for a *Dialogue*.

*Invent.* A Dialogue? What's that? It's neither Prologue, nor Epilogue, nor Tragedy, nor Comedy, nor Pastoral, nor Satyr, nor Masque, nor Morrice-Dance.— What's a Dialogue?

*Ped.* Why Gentlemen, a Dialogue is a Poetical Pudding, or the Muses Hodg-Podg; a Discourse like that between *Dr. Faustus* and the Devil, or two or three Men in a Pig-Market.— That's a Dialogue.

*Invent.* May I be so bold as to peruse your Library?

*Ped.* Yes Sir, if your please; see the Books I have borrowed for the Business.

*Inven-*

[Invention takes up the Books, looks in them, and speaks.]

Plantus.

*Inuent.* A subtle Diver into Man, and yet  
The fate of Poets, *Poverty and Wit*;  
Pimp *Mercury*, and Cuckold-making *Jove*,  
*Ambition's* Horns, and *Alcamena's* Love  
Could not find out a better Quill, nor we  
A better Father for our Poetry.

*Fur.* And yet he came off in his last Act, like a Costive Man from the Stool, without wiping. His Splay-feet were too broad for Verse. He'd been a pretty Fellow, but that they fed him with Mill-Corn and Portage.— So take him Jaylor.

Ben. Johnson.

*Inuent.* Great Brick-bat *Ben*, the Envy of thy Days!  
Thy only English Brow deserves the Bays.  
Others did wear the Ivy-Bush as Sign,  
Not of their Wit, but, Lattice-face, and Wine.  
But thy Industrious Brain (great *Ben*!) did seem  
To make the Laurel, which thou wore, grow Green.  
Thine are the Tragicks and the Comick Lays;  
And thou'rt th'Refiner of our Drossy Phrase;  
And to thy Alchymy, I dare be bold,  
Hath turn'd our baser Metall into Gold.

*Ben.* Pritty *Ben*, an ordinary Wit would make him Piss and Stink at th'Stake like an old Bear.— And then damnable tedious and costly too.— Every half quarter of an Hour a glass of Sack must be sent of an Errand into his Guts, to tell his Brains they must come up quickly, and help out with a Line.— So take him Jaylor.

B

Shak.

*Shakspere.*

*Invent.* His Quill as quick as Feather from the Bow!  
O who can such another *Falstaff* show?  
And if thy Learning had been like thy Wit,  
*Ben* would have blurted, and *Johnson* never writ.

*Fur. Fifth.*— I never read any of him but in Tobacco-papers, and the bottom of Pigeon-Pies.— But he had been a Curate to the Stage so long, that he could not choose but get some ends and bottoms;— I, and they were his Fees too;—

But for the fine and true Dramatick Law,  
He was a Dunce and scribbled with a Straw.  
*Beaumont and Fletcher.*

*Invent.* The Muse's Twins; and in our English Sphere  
Castor and Pollux, so they did appear.  
'Tis thought, when they were Born, Appollo's Will  
Was to divide th' Two, betwixt Parvaux Hill,  
That Beaumont (Lofty Beaumont) might have one,  
And Fletcher take the other for his Throne.

*Far.* A pair of Journey-Men. They write both with a Quill.—  
Thus have I seen two Grey-hound Puppies play  
With one another's itching Tails all day.

A couple of Cowards. Part them, and like two Worms, they would shrink in their Heads. Marry, — Take them together, and let them spit in one another's Mouths, and they would do smartly. They would Club for Verse: One find Rhyme, and another Reason. — So make them Taylor. —

— You must come up quickly, and help out with a lace — So take him **Tom** —

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*Invent.* A sweeter Swan did never Sing upon  
The Downy Banks of Oylie Helicon;  
Methinks, Ifeas the *Fates* and *Muses* fight,  
Who's Chaplain *Tom* should be; and in despite,  
Like *Jealous Davy*, bring him to his Herse,  
That they might kiss his Chin, and read his Verse.

*Far.* 'Twas *Tom a Bedlam*, not *Tom Randolph* sure;  
His Wit's too Violent long to endure.  
Pitty! so rare a Fancy should have found  
An *Helicon* so deep as to be drown'd  
Tom's dead and every Muse hath vow'd to be,  
For *Strafford's* sake, a *Strafford's* *Niobe*.

*Invent.* Take him Jaylor.  
These Authors are as good as you can have. — Have  
you done the Dialogue?

*Ped.* Alas! Gentlemen, I am allowed no fuel to my Sacred fire  
of Poetry; but I am fain to Curb and Curtail my Fancy. I scorn  
a Dialogue, as I do Toys and Pamphlets. — I had intended to have  
had my Scene, *Delphos*, *Apollo* and the *Nine Muses* should have  
been in a *Masque*. — But we have no Clothes, unless we would  
dress them like Gypies, or Butter-Queens with Baskets on their  
Arms. — I would have had an Oracle, Priest, Poet and Notaries. —  
And that Oracle should have told Fortunes; All these Poet's Ghosts  
should have come in their Winding-Sheets; — But in truth, we  
have not so much Linnen in the Town as would have dress'd  
them. — I had much ado to borrow an old Doublet to act a Tinker  
in; and am fain to pay for Hair to make Beards of, as if the *Horse-  
Tail* was the *Golden-Fleece*.

*Far.* Distrest *Sury* am now scribe. [He overthrows all the Books.]  
Must Poet's Fancies thus be starv'd and tortur'd  
Avant, ye Bastards of *Parnassus* Mount!



# The BENEFICE

Forswear the Stage! Undoff your Comick Sock.  
Which, being sold, this Ignorant Age will scarce  
Bestow the washing of th' Illiterate World!  
Poets were once Crowned and Godded too;  
Now not a Penny to buy them Ink withal,  
And no more Sack than what they take in Spoons,  
As dying Men do from your dirty Nurfes,  
Away with that same Quill, away with't Boy.

[*He snatches  
away the Quill.*]

I would some Prentice would light on't to cross his Master's Debt-Books when he's Drunk. Or some Elder-Brother find it, to Subscribe to Ten i<sup>th</sup> Hundred. Or it would serve a whole Corporation to set their Marks to a *Petition* against *Bishops*. May it be so full of Teeth, as to write a *Libel* first, and then the Sentence against the Libellor's Ears.

— But to lie sucking of the Fingers thus,  
Making a Plot fit for the Theatre,  
Or Roscius to present, and have no Scene,  
No Clothes, no Properties, no Candle scarce!  
'Tis this makes *Furor* mad, makes *Furor* fret;  
Wit, that should nothing want, doth nothing get.

*Pat.* But my Credit lies at stake, Gentlemen. There's never an empty Head of my Trade hereabouts, but ventures to be Witty; and therefore something must be done; and something in *Englisto* too, because here's Gentlemen will be present at it; and something for the Times; and all out of Nothing.

*Lucant.* And something shall be done.— *Furor*, shall we conjure?

*Fur.* *Furor* shall conjure; and I'll raise the Poets, and charm their Quills to write a *Satyr* for thee. A *Satyr*, that shall Sting, and Lash, and Scratch; sharp like a Razor, that shall make Men hang themselves. And those Nine Brass of *Helicon*, shall leave their Horse-Pool, to come and grease thy Buskins with their Sweat.

*Lucant.*



*Invent.* — Speak, — shall it be a Tragedy or a Comedy; a Pastoral or Satyr? *Invention* can do any thing.

*Fur.* *Furor Poeticus* can do more, you Rogue. I made an *Alderman* a Poet once, and he never said *Grace* afterward, but it was in Rhyme; nor wore his Holy-day Breeches but in Meeter.

*Ped.* Then for *Apollo's* sake, charm open that Trunk; there lies *Comadia*, a most Pritty Girl. There she lies Fetter'd in that fatal Trunk, and hath done ever since *Dialogues* came in, and *Latine-Speeches* under every Sign-post. — Raise her good *Furor*; raise her from her *Urn*. —

———— And every Year one Act in five, shall be,  
A Sacrifice unto this God and thee.

*Invent.* I'll wake her; and then thou shalt get her out,

*Fur.* Do. —

[*Invention* with a white Wand goes about the Trunk, and says]

*Invent.* The *Muses* scorn to give their Eyes

To *Morpheus* for a Sacrifice,

Therefore *Comadia* quickly rise.

Upon *Parnassus* I do know

Drowfie *Poppy* ne'r did grow,

No nor *Anadine* below.

*Comadia* do no longer snort,

Awake, and thank *Invention* for't.

*Comedia* within. Oh — Oh — Oh. — Who calls?

*Fur.* Come now, I'll get her out, I'll warrant thee.

Come out you Slut, or else I'll Knock

For *Vulcan* to break op'e the Lock;

And he shall rend thy Comick Sock,

Or make thee Dance without a Smock.

## The BENEFICE.

Come out, for *Furor's* in a Rage  
To see such *Goblins* on a Stage;  
Come drink good Sack and Claret,  
And thank *Poeticus Furor* for it.

[Enter *Comedia*.]

*Com.* What? My Servant *Invention*! And *Furor* my Companion! — Thanks to you both for my Liberty. — Who is this?

*Invent.* A true Well-wisher to your Ladyship, and one that desires your Help.

*Com.* I am a Stranger to this Place and him. The Prentices Seven Champions scared me so, that I fled hither for safety. — But he being a Friend of yours, I'll do what he'll command me.

*Fur.* A cast of thine Office, sweet Rogue. — Sirrah, speak to her. — Let him kiss thy hand, Wench. — Come. — Swear him first. — Come you little *Pedant*; if you be a Poet, — you shall Swear, — That you will never Drink but till two a Clock in the Morning. — *Item*, — You shall never be Master of more than one Suit at a time; and lie in Bed while that is Loused, and put into the Fashion. — *Item*, You shall keep three or four to admire you, and so pay for the Shot. — *Item*, Endeavour to get more *Comedians*. — *Item*, Get the Pox in Policy, that no Man may make a Bridg of your Nose. — *Item*, Be sure to die in Debt.

*Ped.* I will do my Endeavour.

*Com.* You two pass your words for him?

*Both*, Yes, yes.

*Ped.* This is, fair Lady, but the second Year of Schooling, and I am not provided with old Verses and Knacks, as they are at *Stamford*, and those stale Places, (where Verses on the Fifth of *November*, do serve an Apprentiship before they be set free) therefore I implore your Aid.

*Fur.* Hang *Anagrams*, and *Acrosticks*, and *Singing Rhymes*, like Pipers at a Wake; — Tho't have it.

*Com.* I am not in Tune now. But something I will do for you now; more hereafter.

[*Ceres*

[*Ceres speaks from above.*]

What bold Attempt is this, ye Mortal Shapes,  
And Brats of Impudence? Do you not know  
This place is *Ceres's* Temple? And that you dare  
With your foul Feet trample on my Threshing-floor!  
What makes this Concourse here? Where are my Taskers?  
My Threshers that do sacrifice their Sweat  
And brawny Hands to *Ceres*? Out with these Candles,  
Or I will blast them. Will you fire my Stacks?  
And make me die a Martyr?— Brother *Jove*!  
Lend me a Thunder-bolt.—

*Fur.* A fools Bolt is soon shot. If we burn this Barn, I'll get her  
more Barns if she'll let me.— This is *Ceres*, and she is woondy  
angry because we are upon her Ground.— We must please her;  
No *Ceres* no Barley, no Barley no Malt, no Malt no Ale, no Ale  
no Poets.— We must please her.

*Com.* *Invention* speak to her.

*Invent.* Let us stand all together.

*Fur.* Surely she lives like Cats and Owls, by catching of Mice.—  
Ask her, who eat up her Oats in the High-fields last Year.

*Invent.* Peace.

*Ceres.* What? Are ye Dumb? Answer me. What's your Business?  
Know ye not that I can Curse your Lands?

*Fur.* For 2 pence you shall Curse all the Lands that we four have.

*Ceres.* And charge the Fertile Fields to teem no more,  
The Crooked Plow-man may go slice the Ocean.  
And sow the frothy Furrows of the Sea,  
With as much hope of Harvest, as his Clouds,  
If I command the Hoary Earth to be  
No longer Occupied.— Provoke me not.

*Invent.*

*Invent.* Great Goddess of our Harvest and great'st Plenty!  
 Your Frowns can make *Invention* barren too  
 As well as Grounds. Religion drives us hither.  
 This innocent Multitude, that here is set,  
 Meet not for Mutiny. They'r no Rebellious Rout.  
 But here they'r set to see Children play Men,  
 And Boys wear Beards. This Lady, young and soft,  
 And *Phenix* downy like, is *Comedia*.  
 Innocent Wench! Not hurt a Mouse within your Walls,  
 You shall not loose a Cob-Nut by our Sport.

*Ceres.* Why come you here to Act it? Look a Stage  
 That may deserve such glorious Spectators.

*Ped.* Great Goddess! I am that unhappy Man  
 Unworthy Shepherd of a pretty Flock,  
 But have no where to Fold them, but ith' Temple.  
 I am a bold Incroacher on the Gods,  
 And steal their Free-hold; But against my Will.  
 And tho we learn and weep, and bleed and play,  
 Among the Untomb'd Ashes of our Fathers,  
 And with prophane Feet, trample o'retheir Urns;  
 Yet there to vent our Folly, and build our Stage,  
 Were to challenge Thunder-bolts from *Jove*.  
 We rather choose to hazard *Ceres's* frown,  
 Than yield.— That we hereafter may confess,  
 That *Ceres* was the *Muses* Patroness.

*Fur.* Do, do,— And I will promise you a Days-Work in  
 Harvest.

*Ceres.* Is Mirth all your intent?

*All.* Yes, yes.

*Ceres.* Then go about it quickly. You'r Welcome.—

— And I will be an Actor in your Play,  
 There's none but *Ceres* shall your Prologue say.

[*They all Sing.*]

SONG.



SONG.  
[The PROLOGUE spoken from  
above by Ceres.]

**M** Nemo syne no more shall be

The Muses Mother Crown'd with Bay,

We have found one more kind than she;

'Tis Ceres best deserves our Praise.

'Tis she, 'tis she

Henceforth shall be,

The Muses kindest Landlady.

2.

Parnassus is but barren Ground,

Apollon but a Bare Muse Boy;

In Hell shall we be drown'd,

But Ceres shall be our Joy.

'Tis she, 'tis she

Deserves the Name

For this Days glorious Liberty.

'Tis she, 'tis she

Deserves the Name

For this Days glorious Liberty.

'Tis she, 'tis she

Deserves the Name

For this Days glorious Liberty.



[The PROLOGUE spoken from  
above by Ceres.]

Gallants ye'd Welcome, Ceres bids ye go,  
And hath a Blessing for you, er'e ye go.  
You that are Clergy, if you'll Merry be,  
I'll see your Tith-Shocks paid more Honestly;  
And he that Cheats you, this shall be his Pain,  
Above all Knaves, to be A Knavish Grain.  
If Married Men will Laugh; For them I pray  
May on their Heads fall Cornu-Copia.  
But he that from hence Discontented goes,  
May a whole Harvest of Corn grow on's Toes.  
And you Good Women, if you'll sit and see  
Both Wives and Maids, you shall all Fruitful be:  
You that Good Fellows are, but like our Sport,  
And you shall have the price of Malt fall for't.  
In this, my Blessing to you all appears,  
I'll give you Corn, if you will lend us Ears.  
Fall to then Gallants; I confess your Fare  
Is coarse and homely, but you Welcome are.  
You'r Welcome; and in this your Welcome stands,  
That you would soundly ply your Mouths and Hands.

*Exeunt.*

ACT.

ACT the Second.

[Enter Marchurch reading a Letter.]

**Marchurch.** **A** Fever?— I would it had been the Plague, or a whole Kennel of Discaſes.— Yet the Fever is a good found Card.— Out upon them; theſe Parſons live for Wagers, I think.— *Fourſcore and odd!*— His Pariſh have been weary of him this thirty Years, and I theſe Forty.— Three or four that have bought a *Tiſh-Pig in Poke* have paid for the Adſowſon, and are all Dead, and now, God be thanked, he hath found in his heart to be Sickiſh.— If the old Rogue die— Ha, ha, ha, what a Flock of Fleſh-Crows, Learned Creatures in Black Coats, ſhall I have Nawing about me, like ſo many Jack-Daws about a Steeple. I'll get that Oath againſt Symony well oyled and greaſed, that it may go down glib with the Gudgeons.

[Enter Urſely to him, Big-belly'd.]

**Urſ.** Do ye hear, Sir? let me not lie in here. Your Kinfman *Marpudding* will never endure me. He's never out of the Kitchin, prying up and down. I'm ſo fearful of him left he ſhould ſpie my Belly— [She cries.]— I know that it cannot be helped now, But— but— you would be doing with me.— I would,— I would,— I had been in my Grave.

**Mar.** Come, come, Wench, leave your crying, Fool; I know thou haſt Brains in thy Belly.— No body knows of it, do's there?



**Civil and Perfumes:** Hang Carawaymountains, give me a Pole-Cat; she's cheap, she's cheap, and hardy quill Bimocks! — Come to London, and there must be Wine, Oysters, Lobsters, Sturgeon, Canary, Anchovies, Putaga's (out on't, one Pye cost me five Pounds) a Porridge for Mr. Bawd, a new set of Teeth for old Whore Grandmother, with a Pok. — Come, come, three penny worth of Lechery is enough at a time in Conscience. If this Wench would but *Deliver* it once as her Act and Deed, I would make it and her presently go off with a Presentation. — And yet it is a *Good Living*. — I had an hundred Pieces, my Wife a Sarsin Gown, and my Man a new Livery, for one worse than this by a good deal. — I cannot tell what I should do! — Let me feed this Letter again, — it does me good to read that the old Priest is a dying. — I could find in my heart for good Luck, to send him a Mess of Potridge and Mercury. — *He stands reading to himself.*

— *Enter two Wardmen.* —

**Ward.** Come Neighbour *Dung*, — it hath oft even grieved me to see how negligent *Wardmen* are in that great Office they are in; seeing their Rusty Helms degenerate prophane Alehouse Doors, with they, being even Drunk, have charged them to aid them Home in the King's Name. Since I am called to the Place, I will do the best I can to bring these paltry Alehouses into Reformation.

**March.** How now Friends, — how now? — What are ye Watching these things on times? Ha!

**Ward.** Yes, if it may please your good Worship.

**March.** Well, *Christmas* is coming, I hope you will Watch your time to bring me my Capons and Pullets.

**Ward.** I have a couple of fine Powl for your Worship, God bless 'em.

**March.** Ay, well said Neighbours. — Do you know what a Traitor the King hath committed to you?

— *March.* —



*Watch 1.* Is he there now, we are next to the King. *(Aside.)*

*Watch 2.* No, indeed Sir, not so well as we ought.

*May.* Well, I think I shall be Mayor next Year, and therefore I have made a Speech in readiness; and, tho I say it, a very Learned one. — Come, it may do you good. — Suppose now I was Mayor, and you my Servants. — Suppose your Bills were Maces, and I, having drunk my Gill of Muscadine, and polished my Venerable Beard, were set. — Hum, hum, — hum, — thus I begin. — Mark Neighbours, I pray you.

*Watch 1.* Sir, our Hars are even open, and do desire, as it were to be attentive to you.

*May.* Whereas, or forasmuch as the chief Man in a Kingdom, whom the *Latines* call *Rex*, We, *A King*, — Hum — cannot, or is not able to see all places, like the Bird which the Poets call *Argus* with his hundred Eyes, — He therefore hath appointed under him two Officers, the one a Magistrate, the other a Governor. — Do you mark, — and these two are the Rat-Traps of the Kingdom, as it were, baited with the soft Cheese of Justice, to take those who gnaw holes in the Commonwealth, the Cubbard of the Kingdom. — And these two, like those two Friends I read of in Prophane Writ, *Cesar* and *Pompey*, are to joyn together, — Hum — *Engren in Mole*, as our Saith, *Brethren in Coats of Mole*, to keep off danger. — And forasmuch as I am called to one of these Duties under the Vulgar Title of Mayor, give me leave to tell you according to the Statute of *Richard* the Sixth, what a Mayor is. A Mayor is a Magistrate with two Legs, Saddle and Bridled for his Masters service, very stable without stumbling, being foremost in a Team of Aldermen. — Now this Mayor comes to his Office two ways, either he is Chosen or Elected. For you must know, two Places are capable of a Major, the one a Corporation, the other a Body Politick; Chosen by two sorts of Men, the one Brethren, the other Fraternity. — Since therefore I am Elected, I will not Nod away my time, but spend it as that famous *Cardine* did, when he was Mayor in *Rome*, and in punishing Usury an Hundred and sixty Years ago. — And so Brethren, hoping that some



some of you will help me, and other some of you assist me, I rest,  
—God save the King.

*Watch. 2.* The King? — I say, God save your Worship. — I'm but an ignorant Man, but in my opinion it is a rare Speech; is't not Neighbour? — Our Vicar, for all his black Coat, hath not such a word in his Belly.

*Mar.* Well Friends, I think this will do. — If the Fools had chosen me Burgels, I would have Speech'd it in better Stuff than this is. — All's one. — *Cetera quacunq; voluit*, go, look to your Business.

*Ambo.* God bless you, Sir, and many a good Mayor's Speech may you make. — *[Exeunt Watchmen.]*

*Mar. alone.* Well, — this Wenches' Belly is a vile Pull-back; But — here comes my Nephew. — What Bookish too? Cookery, or Housewifery it row. — *[Enter Marpudding reading.]* Well, he's worth twenty Wenches. I think the best Porridge-maker in the World. I'll listen a while.

*Marpudd.* Ha — *How to make a Hen lay twice a day, after Saint Andrews.*

But a Cook to his Crew,  
That at Treading is true;  
For 'tis that which they say,  
Doth cause the Hen to lay  
And when your Hen hath laid her Egg,  
She'll Cackle and stretch out her Leg,  
Then fill her full of Grain,  
And something she will Lay again.

Well, I'll make our Maids look after the second Laying, or I'll — A pretty Book this is. — I wonder why it sets not down what Egg-shells are good for. It goes to my Heart to see so many Egg-shells thrown away and broken. — How to make good Paste for Servants. — Ay marry. — *[Reads.]*

*Take*

Take green Puddle out of a Bog,  
Thickened with the Spawn of a Frog,  
Let there be a Disinclour in't,  
And of Barley Flower a Pint — *Marry this is costly,*  
Dullocks Liver is good stuff,  
Boyl them till they be enough  
The Duck-weed Liqueur being green,  
Is like Pot-herbs quickly seen.  
The Disinclour will both fat the Por,  
And make Brewis too I wot.  
The Liver will make t of Meat to take,  
And if they will not eat it, let them fast.  
Well, I'll have this by heart.

*March.* Why, how now Nephew! What Book have you got there? *The Practice of Piety.*

*Maryud.* Piety? No. — The Practice of good Houlewifery, I trow, an excellent Book this is. — I pray you, Sir, speak to your Servants, they call me Corquean, and I know not what, if I look but a little after them. Would you think they cannot Fry a bit of Pudding without Butter. — There's your Maid *Urseley*, your Kitchen-wench, is more Sauce than Pipe, and they cozen me too: For I'll be sworn I grop'd the Hent this Morning, and there were a Dozen of them with Eggs I'm sure, and Peas and but Five. — Your Scotchman *Wob* too, since he came into *England*, hath learnt to pare his Cheese. — *Uncle, Uncle, they're Confessed; pray you Chide them.*

*March.* I will *John*, I will. — When have I seen Dinner I pray you? — Let us spare a little. Next Year I must be Mayor, and then I will be Liqueurish.

*Maryud.* Why, there is a Gallages which you left out last Night, and good sweet Milk-Pottage, of I was a making a Pudding too, but I was so late, I could not. — The Parson is dead, and where's the Stage with a Letter to speak to you; I pray order it so, that I may have something too.

*March.*

*March.* Good News, good News, I'll warrant you. [*Exit March.*]

*Marpud.* Well, I must read good thrifty Cookery against next Year, [*He pulls out his Book again.*]—How to wash Clothes without Soap; Take Hogs-dung a good deal—[*Enter Ursley stirring a Pudding.*]—What do you follow me for? Can I never be at quiet? What do you want, I wonder?

*Urs.* Want? I would my Quarter were come out, I would see you hang'd e're I would dwell here. Your Uncle sends word he'll have a Minister Dine here, and is this a Pudding fitting? Never an Egg in it, nor a bit of Suet. For love of God give us some, and some Money for Plumbs.

*Marpud.* Plumbs?—Yes,—Do you long?—Come, come, you stir it handsomely! [*He takes it from her and stirs it.*] I'll make this a good Pudding, I'll warrant you.—Here go you and put these Onions into the Pot.—[*Gives her some Onions out of his Pocket.*]

*Urs.* Nay then, take Apron and all.—[*She pulls off her Apron, and he spies her great Belly.*]

*Marpud.* Ha! brave Whisking! What, are you with Child? As I'm an honest Man, big Belly'd!—This is good Gear.

*Urs.* Yes, Sir, that I am with Child, and to your cost too.—[*Aside.*] [*I'll vex him since he hath spy'd it.*]

*Marpud.* Mine you Whore! What, would be seen?

*Urs.* Goodly Mr. John, how strange you make it! Well, I'll never trust Man again!—You've forgot what you did to me, I warrant you; but I have something to show for't: You are like to be a Father, I promise you. Do you remember the Pantry last Lent, when you wanted a bit of Flesh?

*Marpud.* O you impudent Jade! When? What? Where? Did I ever touch you?

*Urs.* Did you not? How dare you stand in't?—Did you not?—And did not I tell you I was with Child, and long'd for a Turnip, which you gave me, and bid me keep close?

*Marpud.* O damn'd Whore! I was accurs'd that ever I had to do with thee, you Quean!

*Urf.* It seems you had knowledge of me then; well,— your Tongue will not suffer you to Lie.

*Marpud.* Hushie!— Did I ever meddle or make with thee?

*Urf.* Make with me!— Ay that you did.— We joyn'd to make a Child.

*Marpud.* I joyn, you Strumpet? The Devil is in thee.

*Urf.* He was when you were in me, but never else.

*Marpud.* A Pox on your Pudding,— [*He throws it down* ]— Hushie, I'll go tell my Uncle.

*Urf.* Nay, I'll be there before you. He and all the Town shall know it.— They know partly you are never out of the Kitchen, prying up and down after my Tail, sneaking in every Hole;— Cotquean! Who should do it but you Sirrah?— [*She offers to go out.* ]

*Marpud.* Nay, but stay *Urfley*; one word. Did I ever touch you? No, never in all my Life.— You will undo me for ever.

*Urf.* Did you? Ay, and did not I tell you I would find another Father?— And so I will yet, if you will be rul'd.— Meddle or not Meddle, how will you help your self if I lay it to you?— Come, come.

*Marpud.* Ay, that's true; you may undo me if you will, but I hope you will have more honesty.

*Urf.* Yes, yes, I'll teach you to meddle in Womens Matters.— I swear, unless you will give me the Keys of all, I will open all.

*Marpud.* Well *Urfley*, I could never have smelt out this Plot.— But name me not, and I will.

*Urf.* Will you let me have Butter?

*Marpud.* Ay.

*Urf.* And Oat-meal?

*Marpud.* Ay.

*Urf.* And Plumbs; or any thing?

*Marpud.* Ay.

*Urf.* Well, look ye do; I have that will keep you in awe. Give me the Pantry Key now.

*Marpud.* Well, would I had never seen it.— Will you not wrong me?  
*Urf.*



# The BENEFICE.

27

*Urf.* No, if you will hold your Tongue, and take no notice, but I must bind you to the Peace; for if my Master know it, I'll lay it to you.

*Marpud.* A Pox of all your Gipsy Jades.— Must I be thus Tongue-tied for nothing.— There's a good Pudding spoil'd too.

*Urf.* Ha, ha, ha,— come, few words to a Bargain.— Will you hold your Tongue, and I will hold mine?

*Marpud.* Here is the Keys.— The Devil take 'em.— Fare you well.— I'll be Reveng'd.

*Exit.*

*Urf.* So, so, a brave Plot! Now I'm provided with all things against the Hour; and this Gudgeon is in a Net safe.— If I can but be laid and up again, to go off with the Living; all's Right.

*Exit.*

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## ACT the Third.

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*Enter Bookworm alone, as from the Patron.*

*Bookworm.* **H**A! True, true old Menander!

**H**

ταρζυγον. εστιν αλλα ε ψωμ  
βοουτος, οπς ε μιν εχα, ποδ  
μιν ε κινου το, ετι μετε  
εωταν τεινιμας περτατε.

The Blood and Life of Man is powerful Gold,  
Of which you have none I dare be bold;

D 2

You

You may a while Breath, or Move, or Walk, or so,  
But for a Dead Man, amongst Men you'll go. *Tis so, tis so.*

Greek, Hebrew Fool! how have I spent my time?  
My precious Midnight-hours? Ten tedious *Winters*;  
Burnt out a thousand Lamps; out-watch'd the Moon,  
When she sate longest up and been most pale;  
My constant Candle was a surer Friend  
To Watchmen, Bellmen, and the Drowsie Weights;  
The Ominous Night-crow, envying my Light,  
Would try to scare me from my *Aristotle*,  
Beating her self against my Window Bars,  
Whilst I within have lean'd upon this Elbow  
Searching *Philosophy*, as dark as Night,  
And conning *Plato*, as Boys do their *Grammar's*;  
Brooding each Line, and sitting on each Verse,  
As close as Moth or Canker, till mine Eyes  
With so much Labour, oft would sweat a Tear  
Upon my knotty Task. At last, (God wot)  
My Father dies, and leaves two hundred Pounds  
More for his hopeful Boy, to buy him Books.  
And robb'd his other Sons to make me Rich.  
Then did I mount the *Sphears*, and pose the *Stars*,  
Catechise *Planets*, what their Natures were,  
I left an hundred of my Angels there.  
Then did I search the Oracle of Heaven,  
And plum'd the Ocean of *Divinity*;  
Provided still against the Day  
I should be call'd to do the Church some Service.  
But— now I see I studied Poverty,  
And purchas'd Beggary at too dear a rate.  
Coming to *Marchurch* for this Living  
With Learning, Manners, Orders, Bishops Letters;  
O, Sir, (says he) Bishops are out of Credit;  
And for your Learning it will serve ith' Belfrey

To teach young Children : But the Living's gone—  
Unless your Money call it back again.

Why, Sir, (said I) I'll give four hundred Pounds.

I'me sure my Knowledg cost me little less.

A Pox of Knowledg (cries the greedy Churl.)

You Scholars are too troublesome. Farewel.

What shall I do? I cannot Curse him, nor my self. Poor Wretch! he knows not the price of Virtue; and I do too well.— 'Tis dear, 'tis dear, the Money I have spent would have bought me Land or Living, House or Wife; it would have maintain'd me in Scarlet and Livery, and lasted awhile in Hawks or Horses; I could have Sworn it away, or Drunk it either, or Plaid it out for Pots at Shuffleboard or Billiards:—But it's gone, and I as far to seek as Men in Leather-breeches at the Statues.—Here's all is left.—Some thirteen Shillings. It is in vain to grieve.—I'll pawn my Clothes and buy some others, and with my little Sum of Mony go trade in Toys and Pamphlets.—A Profession that will get more Money than Disputing.

And tho I have Read much, and Studied long,

I will give all my Learning for a Song.

*Exit.*

*Scena Secunda.*

*Enter Marchchurch and Sir Hominy.*

*March.* Is he Dead, are you sure?

*Sir Hom.* Yes indeed, as *Silva Synagoga* saith very well upon that very place. *E vivit et vivit*, he is Dead.

*March.* Dead, Sir *Hominy*? Why, a Dog is dead. He upon't, are you a Scholar, and no better Expression in your Mouth?

*Sir*

*Sir Hom.* Why truly your Worship's Observation is very good ; for tho the *English* read it *Dead*, yet the *Geneva* Translation, which we most follow, renders it *Departed*; so that he is not *Dead* only, but *Departed* also, if please your Worship.

*March. aside.* [I made this Mungrel once a promise of the Living, and now he's come for't]— Please me *Sir Homily*? Yes, it would please me if you would depart too; I shall never have such an Honest Man as he that is gone.—— *Aside.* [A very Knave.]

*Sir Hom.* I desire your Worship to consider my Suit.

*March.* Why, what is your Suit?

*Eur.* [His Suit? Ha, ha, ha,— it's a very poor one.— That's ready to *Depart*, I'm sure.]

*Sir Hom.* Even, Sir, that you would be pleased to stand my friend *Amicus opitulari*, as the Master of the Sentences hath it.

*March.* *Pitulari*?— Pray thee Fellow leave this Canting; I understand no *Latine*, but *Summa Totalis*.

*Sir Hom.* Why, Sir, the *Summa Totalis* is, That I may succeed him in your *Living*.

*March.* In the *Living*? Why, how dare you think of such a thing? With what Face canst thou ask it? There's never a Scholar of you all deserves such a *Living*. *Aside.*— [Ay, this Fellow hath been *Curate*, and taught School here this dozen Years; he may have Horn-book'd himself into some Money.]— Hark you, *Sir Homily*, How long have you been *Curate* here?— A good while, I trow?

*Sir Hom.* Why Sir, as I remember, some twelve Years. I bought these Clothes then, and they are almost worn out now.

*March.* Well, *Sir Homily*, you are a *Moneyed* Man, they say; Can you lend me ten Pieces?

*Sir Hom.* Alas Sir, *Opus est mihi Viginti minis!*

*March.* Come, come, *Opus* and *Usus* must go together with me; and *Viginti minis* be in the *Darive Case* too.— Beside, *Sir Homily*, How dare you come to me for the *Living*?

*Sir Hom.* Why Sir?

*March.*



*March.* How oft have I heard you, with blushing, rail and complain against me? against *Usury* principally? Which I put up a good while and said nothing: But I must have one will be quiet and peaceable, and Preach but once a Month.

*Fur.* [One! — within this twelve Months you might have had an Hundred would have Preached but once a Quarter.]

*March.* Again, *Sir Homily*, the Women of the Town cry out against you exceedingly; you have almost kill'd their Children with Whipping of them. — I can tell you; you've made a Rod for your own —

*Sir Hom.* I warrant you, Sir, I can please the Women, I can have both their Hands and their Voices.

*March.* Ay, their Voices to scold at you, and their Hands about your Ears. — Come, *Sir Homily*, I must use your own Language now; — If you have the *Living*, Untruss, untruss.

*Sir Hom.* What Sir?

*March.* Why, your Purse-strings; nothing else.

*Sir Hom.* Why Sir, I have nothing but a little *Æs in presenti*, as the School-men say; but you promis'd me once, when I was a Witness for you at the Assize, that I should have it for nothing.

*March.* Nay, if you be at Promises, I promise you, you shall come short on't. Come, come, you'r a sawcy Knave *Homily*. The *Living* is now mine; and therefore I give you Warning here to provide for your self, you shall be no longer *Curate* here Sirrah. — Get you gone.

*Sir Hom.* Nay, I beseech you Sir.

*March.* Nay, I beseech you be gone, or I'll beat that Latine Nose of yours, to your English Face.

*Sir Hom.* Latine Nose? You ventured far to have said a *French* Nose. — Will you not be as good as your word, Sir?

*March.* Yes that I will, Sirrah, — [Beats him.]

*Sir Hom.* Farewel Canker. — Have I this payment for my Service!

*Exit.*

*March.* So, I'm glad I am deliver'd of this Bryar. If *Orsely* can but be Deliver'd well, we are safe. Why, this is it to countenance

a Scholar! A Chimney-sweeper shall have it first; or any thing that goes in Black. This Fellow, if I should give it him freely, (as God forgive me that ever I should have such a thought) would be the first Man that would make *Use*ly do Penance, and me help to Repair *Pauls*. No, no, if I can get but an honest Book-learn'd Fellow, that will come off with more Gold and less Latine, it's right.— I'll look to this Rascal; I know he'll come anone and recant, and offer Money too.— But I'll serve him a Trick. [*He knocks with his Stick*] Why *Hob*,— why *Hob*nail there.—

*Hob answers within*, I'll come anon.

*March*. There comes a Fellow that I'll set upon the Service; a Northern-Fellow that hath got well under me. I've made him Constable this Year. He's a Fellow that never could endure any thing in Black, but a black *Jack* or *Por*;— as brave a Scare-crow as ever hung upon a Dunghil.

*Enter Hob.*

*Hob*. God give you a good e'ne Master, did you call?

*March*. Ay *Hob*, ay.

*Hob*. I was at Mumle-ty-Peg with a Barley Bag-pudding below. Much good do't me.

*March*. What news from the Field, *Hob*?

*Hob*. Why, there's *Brook*, your Grisse Mare, cannot Gang for Kibes. We must get some *Brimstone*, and *Train-Oyl*, and anoint them I trow.— We have plow'd all the Land next the Dike Nook to Day.

*March*. But hark you *Hob*, you must undertake a Business for me to day, and do it lustily.

*Hob*. What's that, marry?

*March*. Why this is it *Hob*; Our Parson's Dead.

*Hob*. Marry, the Dule rest his Cragg.— He did so spose me a while ago, I could not con him an Answer: He askt me who gave me my Name?

*March*. Nay hold, but here me speak. There's Curate Homily.

*Hob*.

*March.* Nay hold, but hear me speak. There's Curate Homily.—

*Hob.* Ay, as Honest a Man as ever break Crust.

*March.* Pish, pish, a Knave, a very Knave.

*March.* That's no matter, tho he be a Knave, he's an Honest Man for all that.

*March.* Nay, be quiet a little *Hob.* He was here awhile ago, Railing and Complaining against you mightily.

*Hob.* Against me! The Dule on him! What does he ken o' me?

*March.* Why, he says, I let thee have too cheap a Pennyworth of thy Farm; and that thou art so Covetous.— Besides he comes to claim the *Living* of me; I think he was Drunk too.

*Hob.* Hark you Sir, I am Constable, and I'll have a pair of Stocks made with ten Holes, and he shall have Tithe; and if he have not his *Pas* about him, I'll set fast his *Hands* by the *Heels*.

*March.* No, I'll tell you a better way. Stand you here with your Whip, whilst I go down and watch for him; I think he'll come this way presently again; if he does, Yerk him soundly, and forwarn him my Ground.

*Hob.* Well, let me alone.— I'll louk the Sloven.— I'll sponge his Gaskins.

*March.* Prithce do, soundly; spare him not. *Exit March.*

*Hob.* I'll warrant you Master.— I have not quite Din'd yet.— This *Marpudding* cuts us vile short; I'll womble i'th' Crop still, but I shall have the better Stomach to him.— Abuse me and my Master! — What the Dule harm have I done him? I'll gar mumble the Sloven if he Gang this way, I'll line his black Coat for him; — I'll make him past standing two Hours a Sunday to spoil our Victuals.— Here he comes, I'll step and listen a little.

*Enter Sir Homily.*

*Sir Hom.* Well, *Fallere fallentem non est fraus*, so saith my Author,

E

He

He that does promise make, and then deceive,  
To cozen him's not Knavery, by your leave.

What an Ass was I, to think Learning would get a Man a Living? If *Parnassus* was this Churl's ground, he'd plow it up, and make the poor *Muses* gather Stones out on't, as they do *Irish* Women.— O, if I had come with my thirty or forty Pieces, I should have been some *Sundays* bidden to Dinner to my own *Fithe-Pig*.— Marry, and then I might have set at the lower end of the Table with the Folks, and have said Grace.— No, no, I am resolved to have a Plot, if I could meet with *Hob*.

*Hob aside.* [*Hob will meet with you presently.*]

*Sir Hom.* Yonder are two more Scholars that he hath turn'd away.— Faith, I've got a Plot will fit his Worship; and may hap, make him turn his Ruff into a Band, otherwise called an Halter.

*Hob.* Hey, ho, whirry: [*Whips Sir Hom.*]

*Sir Hom.* Nay, good *Hob*, good *Hob*.

*Hob.* How now Sirrah? Plain *Hob*? Do you know who you speak to? It might be Mr. Constable *Hob* in your Mouth, Goodman Curate, you shew your Manners.

*Sir Hom.* Nay, pray, what do you mean? Will you kill me?

*Hob.* No, Sirrah, I will Fley you alive.— Abuse me, and my Master no more, Sirrah.— You say I have my Farm too cheap; But you shall pay dear enough for it. [*Whispers him.*]

*Sir Hom.* O, no, never in my Life. I am come to speak with you for your good.

*Hob.* Ay, Sirrah, this is for your good too.— Ha?

*Sir Hom.* Nay, hold, I'll make thee a Man, — a Gentleman.

*Furor.* [*Faith he seems to be no very Gentle-man, by his Whipping thee.*]

*Hob.* Come, quickly, make me a Gentleman freight. Come get up, I'll give you leave.

*Sir Hom.* Why, thus it is, — Our old Parson's Dead, and the Living is in your Masters Disposing. He will not part with it with-



without Money, and I have none my self, or if I had, he will not let me have it. If you'll make your self, now venture for this Living.— None now can have two Livings a piece. The price of Steeples will fall. 'Tis but thirty or forty Pieces (as you are a Money'd Man, I'me sure) and you'r made for ever. You cannot miss of it. And what a brave thing is it to be a Parson!

*Hob.* Ha!— Cuds-foot it's a brave Plot. But how can that be? I am not Book-learn'd above my single Psalter. I must read Prayers with a Feskew.

*Sir Hom.* No, no, trouble not your self about Prayers.— Can you lie long in Bed with an handsome Wife? Eat good fat Pigs? Ride a Hunting? That's all you shall do; ler me alone with the Service; I'll be your Curate.

*Hob.* This is good Gear.— But how must I do for Sermons?

*Sir Hom.* Paw, waw! What do you talk of Sermons? Talk what comes at Tongues-end, can't you?

*Hob.* Ay, but I have no *Latine* to spout at him, if he spose me.

*Sir Hom.* *Latin*?— It is that which undoes many a Man. Take heed of that while you breath. I'll learn you a word or two shall serve, I'll warrant you.

*Hob.* Ay, but he'll ken me to be *Hob*, his Man, I doubt.

*Sir Hom.* No, no, you shall have a false Beard on, that shall make you look very Grave; and I'll lend you my Clothes; I'll put on a Gray Cloke and wait on you, as your Man; and you shall call your self by some other Name. Never fear, I'll warrant you speed. I'll stand behind you, and tell you.— Be sure to shew good store of Money, and Bargain with him presently.

*Hob.* Why, methinks I feel my self creeping into a Gentleman (*Mr. Doctor Parson Hob*) already. I may be a Bishop before I die. Why, what a vile Knave was I, to whip so Honest a Man? Here, *Sir Homily*, besworn you shall whip me now,

because I whipt you.— Besworn you shall.— Nay, Cuds-digs you shall.

*Sir Hom.* Nay, but your Clothes are thicker than mine; mine are but thin.

*Hob.* Why, I'll strip me to the very Sark.

*Sir Hom.* No, no, I'll forgive thee freely.— Let's go and dress our selves quickly. [Offers to go.]

*Hob.* Nay, stay— hark you.— Great words butter no Parsnips.— I'll not buy a Pig ish' Poke.— Have you seen the Comedy?

*Sir Hom.* What Comedy?

*Hob.* Why, the Comedy you ken,— The Living.

*Sir Hom.* Why, it is worth an Hundred Pounds a Year, Man.

*Hob.* What, must I wear this Gray Hat too?

*Sir Hom.* No, you shall have mine; 'Tis a Steeple-crown'd, and it will do better for a Gentleman.

*Hob.* I had rather you would teach me a little *Latine* now, I'll con't, be-like, as we gang.

*Sir Hom.* Why, in your Discourse, if he ask you who you are, you may say *Ego sum Clericus.*

*Hob.* What's that?

*Sir Hom.* I am a Clark.

*Hob.* Clark? Why, I thought I should have been Parson; must I be but Clark?

*Sir Hom.* Pish. Why, then thou shalt say, *Ego sum Presbyteros.*

*Hob.* What's that,— *Bread and Butter?*

*Sir Hom.* No, it's *Græek* and *Latine* too,— I am a Priest.

*Hob.* Ay, marry; I would have the Priest forget that ever he was Clark.

*Sir Hom.* And if he use you well, cry *Gratias ago Domine.*

*Hob.* So.— But if he ask how Old I am?—

*Sir Hom.* Why, cannot you tell that?

*Hob.* No, by my troth, it's so long ago, that I'll forgotten.

Sir

*Sir Hom.* Why, then you may say, I am about Fifty; and the elder you are, the cheaper you'll have it.

*Hob.*—Ay, that's true.—Come let us gang.—But what's the Latin thing?

*Sir Hom.* Why, *Gratias ago Domine.*

*Hob.* Oh, oh—*Gratias ago Homily.*

*Exeunt.*

## ACT the Fourth.

*Enter Bookworm like a Ballad-man.*

*Bookw.* **H**OW shall he Sing, whose Throat is hoarse  
with care?  
Or he keep Time, whose Heart-strings broken  
are?

Alas! how shall I sing that am so much out of Tune? I had rather confute *Bellarmino*, or turn *Aquinas* into English Verse. Yet this is better than the Mill of School, where they grind Grammar Toll-free; and the poor Master turns round in's *Accidence* till his Eyes drop out. Nay, faith, it's better than a Parlour Lecture, tho not so sweet and gainful; where the Men with their smooth Chin, and Velvet Caps, stand damning the Tongues; Unless the *Hebrew* escape, because, like Women, it doth backward fall. All Learning, to Reprobrates, is as ungodly as Logick.—But I shall forget my Knacks.—Come, come, come. New Almanacks, new Almanacks, new Almanacks new—  
Who

Who buys an Almanack? without Saint-Days, and Ember Weeks in't, or any superstitious Feast-Days that end in Mass, Christ-mass, Candlemass.—Who buys an Almanack, with a new Chronology of Memorable Accidents?—Since the Conquest, one Year. Since the Rising in the North.—Since *Hallifax* went to the Tower.—Since *Finch* and *Windchunt* departed this Nation.—Since *Doctors Commons* were enclosed.—Since the Scots had Mony.—Who buys an Almanack, with new Fairs and Markets.—As for Example.—Upon the thirty-first of *February*, there shall be a Fair throughout all *England*; At which there will be sold *Northern-Cloth* that will not shrink; *Sponges* that will not Drink. *Tradesmen* may buy *Consciences*. *Whore's Maiden-heads*, and *French-men Noses*. There will be also *Tongues tip's* with true *Latin* for Attornies; and *Pens* that will write true *English* for Gentlewomen. *Extemporary Prayers* without Tautologies. *Fellowships* for Scholars, and *Scholarships* for Fellows; and *Benefices* so plentiful, they shall go a begging.—Come, who buys an Almanack? *Memorandum*; There shall be great *Eclipses* in the Star-Chamber, by reason of the happy Conjunction of the two Houses with *Sol*. The *Sea of Rome* will be at so low a Tide, that it shall not come up to *Lampetia*. There will be also great *Thundrings* among great Ones, and that will cause great *Lightnings* among the Subjects; which will clear the Air mightily.—This Year also, *Lords* will have but one *Lady*; *Ladies* but one *Fact*; *Doctors* will preach twice a Day, and their *Cursts* eat *Poast-meat*; *Scholars* will be all of one *Opinion*; *Eng-land* of one *Religion*; *Birds* all of a Colour, and *Shrove-Tues-day* will fall upon a *Monday*.—But these things will not be seen of us in this Kingdom.—There will be also strange *Apparitions*.—Two *Phoenix's*.—Three blew *Beans* in a blew *Bladder*. Four silent *Women*.—Six true *Taylor's*. Ten *Maids* at One and Twenty. Twelve *Honest Men* of a *Jury*. *Lawyers* will plead for Nothing. *Poets* will purchase Land, because *Sack* will be at a Penny a Gallon. *Courtiers* will pay their *Debts*.—*May-Day* will fall on the 1<sup>st</sup> of *August*.—Come.—Will no Body buy my Almanacks?

Fur.



*Far.* Alas, poor Scholar! He shall stake some Money of me. Hear you, Friend, What is the price of that Book?

*Bookw.* But two pence, Sir.

*Far.* Sack, at a penny a Gallon, say 't thou?

*Bookw.* Yes.

*Far.* If this be true, 'Faith 'Pleas'th' burnt Sack.

*Bookw.* And if it be not true, 'Faith burn my Almanacks.

*Far.* There's Six pence for thee; give me the rest in Books.

Hast thou not pretty Knacks?

*Bookw.* Yes, here's a *Cobler's Sermon*, (I have but one of them of thirty left since morning) And *Father Philip's Phillip'd too*—New come out.

*Far.* Well said; give me them.

*Bookw.* —Almanacks, Almanacks, Almanacks, New—Let me see. It's cold; I'll go spend my two pence at the Ale house, and hear what News, and come again. [*Exit Bookw.*]—God save me! Here comes *Fantastes* of our Colledge: A pritty Scholar, yet a meer Animal.—He comes for the Living too. Faith, I'll sit down a little while and see the Issue.

*Enter Fantastes like a Scholar, with one Boot Ruffet, and the other Black.*

*Far.* [Alas here comes another *Aristotle* in a black Cover. Ha, ha, ha, his Boots are of two several Opinions, or else of two several *Orthosities*; The one of *Cambridge*, the other of *Oxford*.—God bless him; what a fatal Cap he hath on! It looks as if it had served an Apprentiship at the Gallows, to teach those that are hang'd *Blind-man's Buff*.]

*Fantastes opens his Box.*

*Fantastes.* Let me see my Colledge Letters? —Oh, safe—My Orders? Oh, safe.—My Petition—Oh! —Come, I'll read it over once more.—First, I must premise two Legs (that's the least)—But how if there should be Gentlewomen? I never kist any Body in a black Bag in my Life.

*Far.*

*Fur.* [What? Man? Set a good Face on't. You are not the first Scholar that kiss'd a Lady.]

They say, they'll turn their Cheeks—And then I'll do, *Quicquid in Buccam Veneris*—I do not remember anything in *Aristotle* concerning Kissing.

*Fur.* [Unless in his *Posteriorum*.]

*Fant.* Faith, I'll turn and blow my Nose, if any come by, as if I did not see them. And for my Hat—Here, thus—Or rather thus—Nay, better thus.

Most Propitious Patron

**A**S I was Equitating in these Rural Dimensions, the intelligence of the Vacuity of your Worship's Ecclesiastical Donation, did dexterously occur and perforate my Auricles; And forthwith, gratifying my Beast with a Measure of Pin-guifying Provender, I did appropriate to your resplendent Habitation, to impenetrate the Beneficial Presentation to me, A profound *Aristotelian*.—Sir Fortune hath not Beatify'd me with Mundane Promotions, neither have I conglomerated any Terrestrial Substance; But if you please, with your perspicuous Luminaries to contemplate and perscrutate these Testifications, you shall be animadverted of my Deportment in the *Oxfordian* Society, in my modification for Literature. Here is moreover in this Membrane with the cerous Assignments, the Episcopal Assign to gratify your Supplicant, (ponderating the Premises) you shall vivificate the mortiferous Essence of my Intellectuals, and invoke into this Domical one that will not contaminate your Family; but perprecate the Deities for the longitude of their Benediction upon your Propagation: And remain,

Your Incarcerated Creature,

*Fantastes.*

There's Rhetorick in every word, I'm sure.

*Fur.*

*Fur.* [In troth, I hope some body will take him for a Conjuror, and beat him soundly; or else throw him into Goal for *Coining* false *Englisb*, and then he will be *Incarcerated* indeed.]

*Fant.* I fear nothing but that I come too late. These *Living*s, they are like *Herrings*. They are *Novelty*, but they will not keep long.

*Fur.* [I fear your's will be a Shotten one.]

*Fant.* These scurvy Boots, — How shall I make them both of a Colour? — I'll black them with the inside of my Coar.

*Enter Goodman Scuttle.*

*Scuttle.* Now verily and indeed, I am glad that I am called out of *New-England*: The *Brethren* there do multiply too fast, and the *Sisters* are not plentiful in their *Benevolence* towards us, so as they be here. — And then many of them do Back-slide from what I did there deliver to them. — Truly I will quite leave my *Basket-making*, unless now and then a *Cradle* for some *Elect Babe*. — Sure if I do not get this *Living* (as *Marchurch*, by report, is a *Carnal Man*) I can by my *Short-hand*, and *Repetition*, get a *Competency*. —

*Fur.* [This Fellow hath the *Living*'s fresh scent in his Nose, too.]

*Fant.* How now? Who's this? Nay, as long as he is not in *Black* I care not. — It may be he is some *Servant* in the *House*. — God save you, Sir.

*Scut. (aside.)* God save you? Ha! — Truly *Poper*y at the very first word. These *Unversity Men* are all in some measure corrupted with it. For tho I know I shall be saved, yet he knows not what I am. He might have said the same to some *Reprobate Hell-hound*, and to him it is *Poper*y. — I will not answer to vain a Word.

*Fant.* Do you live here I pray you?

*Scut. (aside.)* Truly, this *Arminian*'s business is revealed unto me. He comes about the *Living* as well as I; and being wicked

as he is, I ought to deceive him for the Churches good. I will Lye unto him.— Yes, Sir, I do *Inhabit* here.

*Fant.* *Inhabit* here!— Nay, if you can vary the Phrase, have at you.— Is the Regularor of the Domicil segregated from his Negotiations, I pray you, Sir?

*Scut.* Ah Sir! these Popish words become you not.— They edifie not.— If I were to write you a Sermon, I have not a Character for such words. I pray you speak teachably and plainly.

*Fant.* Is the Gentleman of the House at home, can you tell me?

*Scut.* No indeed, he is not at Home; he is newly rid Abroad.

*Fant.* When will he return again?

*Scut.* Not this Week I believe. What's your Business, I pray you, with him?

*Fant.* Is his Living void, can you tell me?

*Scut.* Ha!— I thought so.— Yea, truly it is void; but it is in vain for such as you are, to look after it.

*Fant.* Why so?

*Scut.* Why truly, you are prophane Men, and Idolatrous, and can do nothing but with Study and Popish Books.— I wonder what you should do at a Colledg so long.— No good I warrant you.

*Fant.* What! We read *Philosophy*, *Logick*, *Divinity*.— We learn the Tongues—*Hebrew*, *Greek*, and *Latin*, to fit us for the *Church*, and all little enough.

*Scut.* Ah!— I thought that would be your Answer.— Does not the Pope the like? I dare my self Preach with you for the Living; and he that gives over first, shall lose it.

*Fant.* What Trade are you, Sir?— You talk madly.— Ah! such as you are have undone us all.

*Scut.* Nay, you vile Priest, such as you are.— And I intend to get this Living.— If such Wretches as you are get it, you must be Parson and have Tithes.— No, no.— I'll at Composition and stand to their Benevolence.

*Fant.*



*Fant.* O, *Dominus*, is't come to this! [*Sings Bookworm.*]

*Bookworm.* [I'll set them together by th' Ears.] — Come — Who buys a Ballad?

[*Sings.*] God prosper long our Noble King, &c. — Who buys a new Ballad? [*He sings again.*]

I am confirm'd a Scholar now,  
Be this or that, or any Man;  
And *Ovid* taught all Students this,  
To make a *Metamorphosis*.  
And when he cannot change a Groat,  
He'll turn his Skin and change his Coat.

*Sent.* Do you hear, Sir Scholar? You *Black-Caars* can be any thing, and Temporizers, I'll buy it of him. — Honest Man, pray let me have that Ballad. — Have you any thing against Bishops?

*Bookw.* Yes, Sir. — There is *Little Land in Little*, and *Little-broth Fair*, and *Rome for a Corner'd Cap*, and the *Character of a Bishop*.

*Sent.* I shall think the better of you *Ballad-men* hereafter. — The price of them?

*Bookw.* Two Groats.

*Sent.* Very cheap. — If I get the Living, I'll have thee my Clerk.

*Bookw.* Hang you Rascal. — I'll venture in. — I'll serve your Turn.

*Sent.* Nay, Sir, I'll give them a Character of you, you *Pope-ling*, I'll be there as soon as you, I warrant you. [*They jostle at the Door.*] *Exeunt.*

*Bookw.* These are brave Times! — I'll lay Ten Pound the *Basket-maker* carries it away. *Exit.*

*F.* *Enter*

*Tinker.* When Alexander cross'd the Seas,  
 King Peppin and Diogenes,  
 Mul'd Sack is good to cure the Fleas.  
*Tom Tinker* lives a merry Life,  
 And is o'th' mending hand,  
 A Copper Nose, a Brazen Face,  
 He hath at your Command.

Come, come, Have you any Work for a Tinker?— Have you any Bellows or Bowls to mend? Any Dishes, Kettles or Skillets, or old Frying-Pans to mend?— Come, come, I can mend Platter-Faces, or Crack'd Maiden-Heads; or Tipt Cuckold's-Horns. Who will buy a brave Candlestick?— My Wares are all sound, but I must crack of them, to make them sell the better. He that useth this Candlestick shall do more with a *Week*, than another with a *Quarter*; and he that tells his Gold by this Candlestick, without ever a Candle in't, shall not find it *Light*.— I'll warrant, this was the Candlestick *Diogenes* sought for an Honest Man with.— I was offer'd Moneys enough for it two Years ago by an old Blade, to set upon an Altar in his Chancel. But now Conformity burns and stinks in the Socket, and Wax Candles wax dim, and are like to go out in a Snuff; yet it serves a *Papist* to light him to *Rome*. For the *Pope's* Fire begins to burn Blew, and it's thought he wants a pair of Tongs to turn up his *Purgatory*-bottom-Cake.— Come, who buys it? That the Tinker may have some better Mettal to melt into Ale. He that will chaffer, shall have this *Prolonger* into the Bargain.— O brave *Prolonger*!— If Patents and Monopolies had had *Prolongers*, they had not gone out yet.— You that are the *Lights* of the Church have Extinguishers enow, but your two Steeples like double-wick'd-Candles, wont *Prolongers*.— Ship-Money, Star-Chamber, High-Commission, *Michaelmas* Term,— all want Pro-

**Prolongers.**— But I shall prolong the time, and take nothing.—  
**But who comes here?**— **Another Black Coat.**— Sure here is  
 some Carrion hereabouts, I see so many Crows stirring!—  
**Have you any Work for a Tinker?**— *Enter Fantastes.*

**Fant.** This is as brave as can be.— I'll set him on Work now.  
**Jovial Tinker!** Where's the best Liquor?— Ha?

**Tink.** God blefs your Learning, Master.

There is good Liquor,  
 I never Drunk quicker;  
 And if thou'lt follow me;  
 Thou'lt find Chink,  
 And I'll find Drink,  
 And so we'll Merry be.— Master will you set a  
 poor Tinker on Work?

**Fant.** Alas! What Work should Scholars have for Tinkers?

**Tink.** What?— Master, will you give me leave,— You  
 are but Tinkers your selves, many of you.

**Fant.** As how prithee!

**Tink.** How?— Why you keep such a Hammering of a poor  
 Text, before you can hit the right Nail on the head;— and then  
 in stopping one Hole, you oftentimes make two.—

**Fant.** Thou'rt a mad Blade.

**Tink.** Nay, and none but Scholars and Tinkers carry all their  
 Tools about them, to mend this Brass and Iron Age.

**Fant.** Hark thee, Tom, canst Fight lustily?

**Tink.** Ay Faith, therein we differ.— You Black Coats are Co-  
 wards, and we are not.— Yes, I can play at Quarter-staff a  
 little.

**Fant.** Wilt thou be true to me?

**Tink.** Will I not Bully! Hector, try me.

**Fant.** Why, Sirrah, here is a *Living* void here in Town, and  
 I am come to try my Fortune for it.— Here, even now, I met  
 with a Roguish Sniveling New-English Basket-maker, that  
 does

does abuse me and all Scholars as past— Wouldst thou think that he is gone in here to get the Living from us all!

*Tink.* Does he snivle in the Nose, Master?

*Fant.* Ay, Tom, that he does.

*Tink.* By Jove, I'll sell him a pair of Snuffers.

*Fant.* Stand here and watch for him, and search his Pockets, and thou shalt see what Authors he reads.— Look you— There's Twelve-pence for thee, and meet me half an Hour hence at the Ale-House, and whether thou speedest or not, I'll give thee half a dozen of Ale, and we'll Laugh and be Merry.

*Tink.* Hark you Master, I'll make him down on his Knees, and pray for Bishops e're I have done with him.— Let me alone.

*Fant.* Be sure you Pay him soundly.— Spare him not. *Exit.*

*Tink.* This is Handsome!— A Basket-maker get a Living!— He had best bring a pair of Hilts with him.— I'll have a bout at Wastrels with him.— I'll teach him how to baste a Pulpit.— Here he comes.— I'll listen awhile what Tune his Nose is in, that I may mend it.

*Enter Goodman Scuttle.*

*Scut.* Ah, as very a wicked Man as ever I came near, a very Reprobate, not any good word came from him.— But he must have Money, Money.— 'Tis a thousand pities that such good Men as we, should be put aside by such Carnal and Unsanctify'd Patrons.

*Tink.* Have you any Work for a Tinker?— Yo— Friend,— Will you set a poor Tinker on Work?

*Scut.* Away, away for Banbury.— I have no Work for such Fellows as you are.

*Tink.* Yea, but Sirrah, Rascal.— I'll Work for nothing.—

*Scut.* Oh,— Murder,— Murder.— Will you kill me? *Beats him.*

*Tink.* Sirrah, It is revealed unto me that you have a mind to Preach



**Preach**, and to leave your Trade.— Thus and thus—and then thus, you must thump the Cushion.— [*Beats him*].— Come on you Knave.— You told never a Lye to day for the good of the Church, did you?

**Scot.** Yea indeed, but I'll do so no more.— Pray spare my Life.

**Tink.** Sirrah, Will you lead me to a Cup of good Ale?

**Scot.** Ay, ay.

**Tink.** And to a pritty Wench?

**Scot.** Ay, so it may be private.

**Tink.** And wilt you love good Scholars?

**Scot.** Ay, indeed.

**Tink.** And pray for Bishops?

**Scot.** Ay, and Arch-Bishops too.

**Tink.** Nay, now I see you are a dissembling Knave. I'll have you Silenc'd & Taith.— You gaped for a Benefice.— Now gape, [*Eggs him*] so now let me see what is in your Pockets.

**Scot.** Awe, awe, awe.— [*He feels in his Pockets, and pulls out a Book of Characters.*]

**Tink.** Ay, I'll keep you in awe.— How now, what's here? A Book of Characters! O Sirrah, you write Characters do you? I'll pay you in Words at length.— Here's good Gear indeed.— Come on.— Now get up.— So— let me see.— [*Pins his Book on his Back.*] Come, I'll give you *Induction*, you have your Orders about you.— Come, Sirrah, or I'll choak thee.

**Scot.** Au, au, au.

*Exit Scot.*

*Enter Marchchurch alone.*

**March.** Oh, the blessed'st days that ever came! I think, when I was Born, all ill Fortune was lull'd asleep, and the fatal Planets were in a Swoon.— I never saw that wrinkled Brow of Fortune. Her clearer Face hath always shined upon my Days.— Nay,— Now,— just now.— When I look'd to have been Branded for ever, for this same *Ursely*, I think there was a Mask

or

or Vizard drawn over the Eyes of the World.— My Servants and People, all from Home.— And *Ursely* had no sooner spawn'd, but there comes a Gypsie Beggar-woman to my Door, who for Twenty Shillings took away the Bastard with her. I made her a sufficient Pafs to carry her far enough. In troth *Ursely's* was an excellent Plot to keep my Nephew in Aw.— If it be possible, I'll Marry her off with this Living.— One, two, three, four, five Black Coats, but not a Penny among them all.— I wonder what's become of *Hob*!— He hath paid *Homily* soundly, they say.— [*Draws out a Letter.*]— Here's a Letter. Good News; I hope, some Chapman for the Living.— [*He opens the Letter.*]

*Enter Hob dress'd like a Parson, and Homily as his Man.*

*Hob.* Cud's Noun's, *Sir Homily*.— Here's my Master.

*Sir Hom.* Peace, peace. You must not call me *Homily*, but *Jack*.

*Hob.* Why then, *Jack Homily*.

*Sir Hom.* Nay, that's worst of all. Call me plain *Jack*.

*Hob.* Why then *Plain Jack*.— Come, stand close.— Fifteen Years old am I say'th thou?

*Sir Hom.* Pish.— I say Fifty.

*Hob.* Fifty.— How many Twenties is that?

*Sir Hom.* It's twenty to one, you'll spoyle all.

*Hob.* Now, now.— Come stand close by me good *Homily*.— O, *Jack* I would say.— You,— Hear,— Ho, Honest Man.— Hark ye me.— Hear.— Does not Mr. *Marchchurch* live here, I fe pray?

*Sir Hom.* O, that's well done.

*Hob.* Cud's duds.— He'll know me.

*March.* Lawye now!— Here's another, that makes Six.— Marry he hath a Man waits on him.— Yes Sir, Mr. *Marchchurch* does dwell here: Would you speak with him?

*Hob.*

*Hob.* Yea, marry would I.— I'll come forty Miles to speak with him.— God speed Plough.

*March.* I am the Man, Sir, *Marchchurch* is my Name.

*Hob.* Jack, Jack, must I ask him, Who gave him that Name?

*Sir Hom.* No, no.— Tell him, you are a Suitor to him for the Living.

*Hob.* Why, Sir,— Goodine to your Worship.— I'll hear you have a Living in your Gift. I'll be a poor Minister, Sir, and shall be bound to pray for your Worship, and you shall give it me. I'll live like an Honest Man among you.

*March.* Alas, Sir, you are a meer Stranger to me, but by your Language, you seem to be a *Northern* Man.

*Hob.* Yea Sir, I was Born in *Cumberland*, and had a good Living in the *North* (tho I say it) but when the *Scots* came last Year, I was fain to fly, and make Money of what I had.

*March.* Nay, if you have Money, have at you, as errand a Clown as you are. [*Aside.*] Why, Sir, a *Cumberland* Man, say you? I have a Tenant here in Town, your Country-man; his name is *Hob*,— an Honest Man.

*Hob.* Cuds duds, cuds duds, cuds duds,— *Jack.*— (*Aside.*)

*Sir Hom.* Sir, I pray you speak louder, my Master is somewhat Deaf.— He hears you not.

*Hob.* God-a-mercy, *Jack.*— Why Sir, *Hob* say you is his Name? There is a famous Cudgel-player of his Name.

*March.* I pray you, Sir, what may be your Name?

*Hob.* What's my Name?— My Name,— my Name is— *Richmond.* My Father was a good Gentleman, I'll be sure.

*March.* That Skill's not worth what your Father was; your own *Parsonage* shews you to be a Man sufficient.

*Hob.* Yea, Sir, but your *Parsonage* would do it better.

*March.* Why, Sir, I must needs confess, there is a pritty Living in my Hands.

*Hob.* Yea, Sir.— There's something in my Hand too.—

*Shews him Money.*

*March.* Why, I hope that you and I shall shake Hands presently. What University are you of?

*Hob. Oxford.*

*March.* Have you taken your Degrees there, Sir?

*Hob.* Degrees?— I have spent an Hundred Pounds there by Degrees.

*March.* Was you ever Fellow of any House?

*Hob.* Yea, marry, now and then, Fellow of an Ale-House.

*March.* The Canon doth not require any thing, but that you be able to speak a piece of *Latin*.

*Hob. Latin!*— yea, that I can, Twenty pieces of better Mettal than *Latin*.— Hang *Latin*, it is good for nothing but Dripping-pans.

*March.* You say right.— There is a great deal of Popery in it.— You have no Living as yet, Sir, I pray you?

*Hob.* No, indeed, Sir,— you are my first Chapman.— I have not bidden a Penny to any Man but your Worship. Pray use me well, and you shall have more of my Custom.

*March.* Marry, and I have another Commodity for thee, if thou be'st not Marry'd.— (*aside.*) How Old are you, Sir, I pray?

*Hob.* Why, Sir,— Ife two Twenties and Ten.— Fifteen.

*March.* That's nothing, you Parsons live long.

*Sir Hom.* Coff, and make your self Sick.— (*aside.*)

*Hob.* Alas, Sir, I am Old and Crazy. Ho, ho, ho,— Hold my Head, *Jack*.— Oh, Sick.

*Sir Hom.* O, admirably well done.— (*aside.*)

*Hob.* Oh, ho, ho,— I am so troubled with the Coughing of the Lungs, it will e'en kill me.

*March.* I hope it will, e're long.— (*aside.*)— Alas, Sir, I am sorry to see you so Sickly.— [*Pulls out an Aquaviva-bottle.*] Here, Sir,— I pray you drink a little of this.— I never go without my Bottle.

*Hob.* Oh, ho, ho,— God thank your Worship.— It will even fall again into your hands before seven Years come to an end.

*March.*



*March.* Why, Sir, because I see you are so Sickly, and likely to be an Honest Man among us; hark you.— *Whispers him.*

*Hob.* Fifty Pieces! Marry, God blefs us, you had need lend me your *Aquavitae-bottle* again; this gangs cold to my Heart. Fifty Pieces!

*March.* Ay, Twenty down now, and I'll take your word for the rest.

*Sir Hom.* Offer him Twenty, offer him Twenty.— Do, do.—

*Aside.*

*Hob.* Why will Twenty fetch it down now upon the Stubs? Here it is in good Gold. If I live tway Years more, I'll give you Ten Pounds more if I like my Bargain. What, Sir, Livings are fallen now.

*March.* In truth, I thought mine would never have fallen. Ha, ha, ha.— These are dangerous Times.— I shall have some Chaplain or other come with the King's Title and cozen me, or some Mischief, if I keep it in my Hands.— (*Aside.*)— Are you a Married Man, Sir?

*Hob.* No marry, not I, Sir.

*March.* If I use you well, I hope you'll not speak on't.

*Hob.* No, no, I'll be as Mum as a Lawyer without his Fee.

*March.* I hope you'll live Peaceably among us, and not go to Law, or present any Man?

*Hob.* Yea marry, I'll present your Worship with a Tith-Pig, or so.

*March.* You say well for that.— But hark you, Sir, you shall allow me two or three Quarters of Wheat every *Christmas*.

*Hob.* No, no, Sir.— You shall not catch old Birds with Chaff. —Is it a Bargain? Here's my Money, will you strike me Luck on't?

*March.* Come, give me your hand, Mr. Parson.— It's done. —Your Name is Mr. *Richmond*, you say.

*Hob.* Yea, Sir, that's my Name.

*March.* Well, Sir, God give you Joy.— I will go write your *Presentation*, and about two Hours hence I will expect you.

*Hob.* Very well. Our Horses are at yonder Ale-House; We'll come to you anon.

*March.* You shall be Welcome.

*Hob. Jack, Jack, —* What's the Latin thing? *Aside:*

*Sir Hom.* Why, *Gratias ago Domine.* — *Aside.*

*Hob. Gratias ago Homily, —* Exit cum Homily.

*Manet Marchchurch solus.*

*March.* Ha, ha, ha, — How bravely have I taken my old Black Jack by the Ear, and drained him! What an interest have I got in this Verb *Impersonal*. — If I should have made an *Hue and Cry* from *In Speech* to *For the due joyning*, I should not have found such a *Participle in Ru*. — Well, let him be what he will, (as I think he is not guilty of much Learning) let him be Pulpit-Monger, Desk-Thumper, and Sermon-Braker (as I think he hath as few new ones, as any here) if he be able to set out a Stave in a Psalm right (as he is Old enough) I care not. — I'll humour him till he is safe, and then, may-hap, I may pin *Orsely* on his Back.

*Fur.* [Nay, rather pin him upon her Belly. But if you geld him so as you begin, he'll be able to do nothing; you have taken away his Gold now, and his pretious Stones will be next.] However I am glad, I have crack'd the Flea *Homily*. — I'll in, and expect my Animal.

*Exit.*

*Surgit*

*Surgit Furor. & Canit.*

I.

I Have been a Jovial Rambler,  
And have Travel'd many Nations.  
I have seen  
How Men have delighted in,  
Several Transformations.  
*Yet still do I cry,*  
*Let them chop, let them change Boy,*  
*Let them turn and never spare;*  
*But to see a Lurch,*  
*That's put upon the Church,*  
*O this fetches off my Hair.*

2.

Old *Proteus* stands amazed,  
To see himself put down,  
*Copernicus*  
Did prophesy of us,  
When he said the World turn'd round.  
*Yet still, &c.*

3.

Your Rich Men turn'd to Lions,  
Your Rich Men, an Ass in Fashion,  
Marry'd Wives wear Fox-skins,  
And their Husbands Ox-skins;  
Oh, ho, 'tis a Jugling Nation.  
*But still, &c.*

4. I

4.

I have seen a Beggar in Scarlet,  
 Made a Master of a Gaffer,  
 No Gentleman bred,  
 \* Become one of the first Head,  
 At which I am a Scoffer.  
*Tet still, &c.*

5.

I have seen a Deck of Religions,  
 Pack'd and Shuff'd most rarely;  
 The Papists in a Dump,  
 'Cause Puritan is Trump,  
 And swears they Deal not fairly.  
*Tet still, &c.*

6.

I have been in many a Parlour,  
 Where Sermons have been Plenty,  
 I heard a Ladkin Pray,  
 Both a Night and a Day,  
 And yet could scarce tell Twenty.  
*Tet still do I cry,*  
*Let them chop, let them change Boy;*  
*Let them turn and never spare,*  
*But to see a Lurch,*  
*That's put upon the Church,*  
*O, this fetches off my Hair.*

ACT.



## ACT the Fifth.

*Enter Furor.*

[*Furor.* **A** Carter get a *Living*!— I'll put a spoke in his Wheel.— (If it were *Carter* upon *Seton*, it would have been another matter)— Who of both, he had better have bought the Schoolmasters Place, and then all would have been but a *Whipping* still; but now he will never be able to fet out a *Psalm* right without Whistling; or say *Grace* without Rhymes for's heart.— But see where he comes.— How now, Drunk!— He hath been Preaching over a Black Pot already.— I marvel what's become of his Man *Homily*! He is not his *own* Man I'me sure.— Well, I'll to my Kennel once more, and mark the Catastrophe.]

*Enter Hob Drunk, with a Pipe of Tobacco in's Mouth.*

*Hob.* Cuds duds— Curis Tobacco!— Room there for Parson *Hob*.— Mr. *Marpudding* can be hang'd e're he can do thus. [*Puffs, Whistles, and Sings.*]

Come on, and let's be Merry,  
And why should we be Sad?  
We'll have a Living anon,  
Whether it be good or bad.

Whoop,

Whoop, Ha.— Well sung Parson *Hob*.— Sirrah, Boy, drive your Cart that way. [*He Reels.*]

*Fur.* [Thou'lt overthrow presently; thou hast thy Load.— Whoist.]

*Hob.* I'll have my Frock dy'd Black, and it will make a good Cassock.— [*Open's his Primmer.*]— I must learn to Read against Sunday.— G-r-a-c-e.— Grace.— B-e-f-o-r-e,— Before.— M-e-a-t,— Meat.— *Grace before Meat.*— O brave Doctor *Hobs*!— Pease-Porridg hot, Pease-Porridg cold.— Pease Porridg nine days old,— Spell *That* with four Letters.— First begin with the Horn-book, the Horn-book, the Horn-book.

And then go on to the Primmer— (And so far I'm advanc'd.  
And here good Fellow's an Health to thee, and an Health  
to thee,

There's no deccit in a Brimmer.—

Why— where's my Man *Homily*?— How Letcherous are these Black Breeches the Rogue lent me!— [*Whoops and Sings.*]

But still she replies, good Sir let it be,

If ever I have any Man, Black Coat for me. *How proud am I?*

*Fur.* [Ay— your *Pride will have a fall presently.*]

You— Sexton— Whip the Dog out of the Parson's Pew there.—

*Fur.* [Spew there.]

Whoist there— *Hob*— [*Falls down.*]

[So, so— The Living's fallen again already.]

*Hob.* I se Parson of the Parish; I think the Clark is mad.— The Sexton Chimes all-in.— Fy, fy— What a lean Tith-Pig is this?— [*He falls asleep and snores.*]

*Fur.* [What, cannot you be contented to *Fall*, but you must *fall asleep* too?— It's hard Rising for a Church-man, when he's once down. Thou had'st need, I me sure, sleep soundly; thy Coat hath not had a *Nap* this seven Years.

*Enter*

*Enter Sir Homily, His*

*Sir Homily.* Did ever any Man serve such a Master? — A Parson too? — Ha, ha, ha, — Parson *Hob*? — After we went down from old *Marchchurch*, even now *Hob* for joy, would needs have me to the Ale-House; where after a while Tipling on't soundly, I put a Powder into his Drink to Fox him, and to make him Sleep securely. He steals away from me. — I know he is so far gone, that he cannot be gone far. — [*Spies him.*] — Ha, ha, ha, Have I found thee? — *Malm* Pastor downst *Sapinno*! — But it's no Talking. — Now if ever, good Fortune stand to me! — This is the time that *Marchchurch* expects him to come for the Presentation. — As long as I have been in Town, they know not my Name. They call me *Sir Homily*, but my Name is *Richmond*; and that I gave him for his false Name. — His Cloak and his false Beard, I'll make bold withal, to Disfigure me. — Above half the Money he hath paid, and the other shall never be paid; for he knows (and shall do better if I speed) what Symony is. — I'll try if I can Act him, and get it. — And if thou hast not hang'd thy self before I come again, I'll wrangle it out well enough with thee, I'll warrant thee. — *Exit.*

*Enter a Gypsey Woman with a Child on her Back.*

*Gypsey.* I wonder what's become of my Tinker? — This will make us good Sport. — Here's Twenty Shillings to *Boss* and *Ken* this Christmas. — I hope his Gold is not so Light as his Whore. — Ha, ha, ha. — Here's a *Pass*, too, that will carry us all England over, in sight of Stocks, and Whipping-Posts. — *She sings.*

H

Lullaby,

Lullaby, Lullaby Baby, Lullaby,  
Sweetly Sleep and sweetly Slumber;

Sweetly Sleep and make no Moan;  
Thee as mine I must now Number,  
Tho indeed thou'rt not mine own.

*Far.* [Not thine own?— I hope it's no Bodies in this  
Company.— I'll lay my Life, It's a *Chip of the old Block*;  
*Marchchurch supra Ursety*, newly Printed.]

*Gypse.* Ho yes.— Many Man or Woman, in Town or  
Country, will buy a *Barn*.— [*Spies Hab.*]— How now?  
Who's this?— 'Tis a Scholar.

*Far.* [Ay marry, if all that went in Black were Scholars,  
there would be a great many more than there are.]

*Gypse.* A Scholar, as I live.— If I had not taken this from  
the old Letcher now, I should have sworn that it had been  
thine.— However I'll look no farther for a Father.— [*Takes*  
*the Child from her Back.*]— Ha!— He's fast asleep.

By the complexion of his Clothes, he should have no Money.—  
But I fear no Colours; I'll search him.— [*Searcheth his Pock-  
ets.*]— Oh,— Rich, Rich— very Rich.— Surely he

hath had two *Livings*, and sold one of them.— Well, I'll take  
your Money, but I'll leave you a sufficient Pawn here.— [*She*  
*lays the Child by him.*]— Ha!— I have no Shoes to hang

on my Feet; what if I should take his Boots?— I have known  
*Women wear the Breaches*, why not the Boots too?— But stay,  
let me smell at him.— Hang him he smells of Drink.

He's full enough.— I'll off with them.— [*She pulls off his*  
*Boots.*]— Nay, a right Scholar, he wears them but for  
want of Stockings.— I'll give change with him.— He'll

make Legs better by half in my Shoes than in his Boots.—  
Come, hang't—he shall have the Skin too.— I'll cover him  
with this Sheet.

*Far.*



*Fur.* [An incomparable good Plot!— God-a-mercy little *Comedia*!— If the *Basket-maker* were here, he might now make a Cradle.]

*Gypse.* I'll not stay to put them on here, till I have got further.— To the *Auditors.*— Look you Gentlemen, if any of you have such a Commodity to put off, Twenty Shillings is my Price; but I'll use you kindly.— This is the last time of asking.— *Exit.*

*Hob wakes, and stretches himself.*

*Hob.* Oh— oh— Come *Hoffes*, what's to pay?— *Starts up.*— Oh my Boots!— Where the Dule have I been Bare-foot and Bare-leg'd.— Oh— my Beard's gone!— My false Beard hath deceived me,— Ha!— what's— what's— a Child! Oh— I'me undone— undone— undone.— Sure I'me brought a Bed!— I wonder'd my Belly did so ake—and I was with Child.— Oh— what an *He Whore* am I!— Is this the *Living* I stood for so long!— Oh, oh,— It's mine.— I have heard them say, that *Parlons* have commonly first a Child, and then a *Living* afterwards.— And 'tis so indeed; for I remember my *Breeches* were *Leatherous*.— Let me see.— Surely it cannot be mine.— Oh, oh— yes.— It is mine,— now it is mine.— They say when they have a Child they *Travel* with it; and I warrant I *travel'd* all Night with it, and that hath worn my Boots to a pair of Shoes.— I remember I said to *Homily*, that I was with Child till I had got the *Living*.— It's so indeed.— Oh, it's mine, I doubt.— I did so dream of a *Christning* to Night.

*Fur.* [Why then I pray you Name the Child.]

*Hob.* Stay,— How can it be mine?— Can a Man be with Child?— Unless it should come with *Drinking*.— Ay, ay.— It was that.— It was that.— Too much *Drinking* will make a Man *Big-Belly'd*.— I warrant, I *foed* it up.— Oh what a *Drunken Whore* am I!— [He falls in his *Potter*.]

Oh—Mad—Mad—Undone—Undone—My Money,  
My Money—Why—I'm not only deliver'd of my Child,  
but of my Purse too—O—this Rogue *Homily*!—What shall  
I do?—Would the Steeple were in his Belly—O—hang  
his lousy Cloaths—

[*Puts off his Cloaths.*]  
—My Master will see me hang'd ere he will give me my Mo-  
ny again.—And then this Bastard of mine too.—Stay, I am  
Constable!—May I not command my self to hang my self?  
—I should have in these Breeches an Halter, and there's a Beam  
will fit my turn.—Here's a Sheet.—I'll do Penance in it, as I  
hang, for my Whoredom.—Oh what a drunken Whore am  
I!—Come on—Is this all the Bell-ropes I must have?

[*Enter first Watchman.*]  
*1<sup>st</sup> Watch.* Our Landlord, and Mr. *Marpudding* will think I  
am run away, if I bring not my Christmas Capons. I would  
the Bones were in one of their Bellies, and the Feathers in the  
other.

[*Two.*] Nay, would he himself were a Capon.—Alas! poor  
*Hob*, how hard is he at his Devotion!

[*Enter second Watchman.*]

*Watch. 2.* O Neighbour *Dodge*, we are undone, if Mr. *Mur-*  
*phew* be here before us.—Come, come, yonder is at the Ale-  
house, Gypsies, Tinkers, and Ballad-fingers, roaring; and the  
Constable *Hob*, the Clown, is drunk himself some where.—  
Come, come.—Let's go rout 'em.

*Watch. 1.* Say you so?—I may venture my Basket here  
till I return.—Come on.—

*Hob.* Ah—I confess I deserve this Death—I have been a Drun-  
kard, and covetous Churl, and would have cheated my Master  
of

of his Living. Besides, I once kiss'd a Wench behind the Stable-door; and now I am a Whore.—Ah *Hob*, thou art a Whore! —I did not think thou wouldst have come to this.—

[ *He puts the Rope about his Neck, and sings.* ]

Good People all give ear a while to me,  
And let my End all your Examples be:  
When I was Drunk, then I was got with Child;  
I bought a Living, but I am beguil'd.  
All honest Men, I pray, take my Advice,  
Meddle not with Parsons not in any wife:  
Follow your Trades, and do not soar so high,  
For at the last you will repent like I.  
Fourty good Pounds in seven Years I got,  
But now it's gone, and Money I have not.  
To ring my Bells, by this time I did hope,  
But now I ring my Hands, and hang byth' Rope.

So, now I forgive all the World:—but *Homily*.

[ *Enter Homily.* ]

*Sir Fom.* So, *Polix* hath got that which *Prayers* could not:—  
I have it here.—But stay—what have we here—A Basket? —  
[ *Looks into it.* ]—Two fat Capons and some Beef for this old  
*Marchureb*—I hear a whispering in the Town of a Bastard  
of *Ulfers*; It must needs be his or *Marpudding's*; and if it be  
so, 'twill keep him in awe.—But stay,—Who owns this?—  
He is not far off here.—[ *Spies Hob* ] How now?—Parson *Hob*  
doing Service in his Surplice already!—Why *Hob*—*Hob*, Mr.  
*Hob*.

*Hob*. I am a little busy,—I pray leave me.

*Sir Hom.* Nay—but Master—do you not know me?

*Hob.*

*Hob.* No Gentleman—Poor Parson *Hob* now—[*Look on him.*] a Dule on thee, Is it thee? I pray let me alone.—You will cozen me of this Preferment too presently.

*Sir Hom.* Nay—Pish—*Hob*!—Why did you steal from me at the Ale-house?—For this?—Where have you been?

*Hob.* Where?—Why, committing Fornication with a Jug of Ale I-trow. Look you here—[*He points to the Child.*]—I am a Whore,—I fell asleep, and when I was awaked, I found my self delivered of this Bastard—My Boots are gone—and my Mony all gone—and this Sheet left me for a Winding-sheet.—This was your Plot.—You would make me a Parson and be hang'd.—Will you be my Curar, and do this for me?

*Sir Hom.* What—hang my self? No indeed, nor you shall not neither.—Come, come.

*Hob.* Do you see that?

*Sir Hom.* I'll lay my Life this is *Marchureb's* Bastard, however it came here.—Away Fool—Your Child?—If it be, I will keep it.

*Hob.* Will you?

*Sir Hom.* Ay, that I will, and set all right and streight again if I can,—Help you to your Mony again, and take this Child.—Will you be a Parson, or a Plowman.

*Hob.* —Parson!—No—Zuckers—They shall have an hundred Livings apiece first.—Would I had my Gold again.

*Sir Hom.* Why then, Hark you—Did you fall asleep here?

*Hob.* —Ay, Drunk, —like a Rogue as I was.

*Sir Hom.* Why, you would needs go to the Ale-house; It was not my doings.—And what, when thou wakedst, thou found'st this Child, and thy Pockets pick'd, and thy Boots gone?

*Hob.* —Yea marry did I.—And what of all this?

*Sir Hom.* What?—I smell a Rat—This Bastard, Sirrah, is *Urseys*.—I'll venture a Wager thy Master got it.

*Hob.* How's that!—Cuds duds, she was main faucy with him as ever I saw.

*Sir*



*Sir Hom.* Nay, it is so I warrant thee.—Hear but me.—Will you be but contented to let me have the *Living*, if I rid you of it, and get you your Mony again?

*Hob.* --Will I not?—Yea, and love thee all the days of my Life for it.

*Sir Hom.* Why then to tell the truth, I have got it.—I found thee here asleep, and took thy Cloak and thy Beard from thee, and went in thy Name, and sped well.—There I heard a whispering of this Bastard; and *Urley* could not be seen. 'Tis so, I'll warrant thee.—I'll give thee good Bonds for thy Mony, and something beside.

*Hob.* --Yea.—But I must be hang'd, now or never, for I have confes'd my Sins.

*Sir Hom.* What dost do with that Primmer; was it thine?

*Hob.* --Ay, 'tis mine. I got it to learn to read my Letters against I should be Parson.

*Sir Hom.* And what, --thou wouldst have made a long Letter of thy self?—Come—look you here; This Basket some Body hath left—[*Peeps aside.*] There are two Capons a going in it to your Master. Wee'll put this Chicken too under the Capons, and leave it.

*Hob.* Ha!—I think thou'lt prove an honest Man.

*Sir Hom.* Ay, ay,—Come—pull your Block-head out of the Noose.—[*Pulls out his Head.*]

*Hob.* --So—Shall I live?

*Sir Hom.* Ay, and richly.

*Hob.* Why then I will un-confess all my Sins again.—I never was a Drunkard, nor Covetous, nor Parson, nor kiss'd any Body behind the Stable-door.—Not I.

*Sir Hom.* Come now look you here Sir.—[*He puts the Child into the Basket.*]

*Hob.* Ha, ha, ha—These Black-Coats can put off Children to other Men—Ha, ha, ha—How I shall laugh anon, when I see *Marchchurch* have an Heir—[*Marymading will*]

will knock it in<sup>st</sup> Head within's two days, if it offer to eat any thing.—And will you give me your Bond for my Money too?

*Sir Hom.* Ay, that I will.

*Hob.* --Come on Sirrah *Hob.*—Your are a Rogue.—But I will let you live a while longer.

*Sir Hom.* Go thou into my House, and put on my Boots; by that time I'll come.—But I'll scout here a while to see what this Basket will do.

*Hob.* I'll go.—But stay.—If you give me Bond, I must have Witnesses.—I'll go no further.—[To the Auditors.]—Pray, Gentlemen, set your Hands to it.—Methinks this is better than making out of hand with my self by half.—*Exit.*

*Manet Homily.*

*Sir Hom.* What a Fool was this!—If Men should hang themselves when they are cheated of their Money, what dangling would there be this *Christmas*?—No sooner Parson but suspended.—I will be honest. The Clown shall have all his Money again.—But this Primmer shall go in to teach the Baby too.—But whist—Here comes *Dungo*.—'Tis as I said.—I'll scout and listen.

*Enter Dungo the first Watchman.*

*Watch. 1.* Oh—That's well.—My Basket is safe.—Ha, ha, ha. Yonder is a Gipsy-woman at the Ale-house—A pretty Woman indeed; and two Scholars which have been here for the *Living*, they do so smooth her up.—She's a Fortune-teller too.—She call'd me *Gentleman*, besworn.—Yet she said I should have some ill Luck come unto me.—I was afraid of nothing but my Capons, and they (I see) are safe enough.—Now truly they are very fat, How heavy they be!—However I'll away.—

*Enter*

*Enter Marchchurch.*

*March.* So that Cure is cur'd.—I never met with such a Clown in all my Life as my new Parson. He's gone to the Bishop.—'Tis well the Times are as they are, he would be fray'd else for a Dunce. Let him look to his Flock, but I'll fleece him I'll warrant him.

*Dung.* Good'ine to your Worship.

*March.* How; now Neighbour, What have you there? — Ha? —

*Dung.* A couple of *Christmass*-Capons for your Worship—I love to keep touch.

*Mar.* Why, it is honestly done.—Are they Fat?

*Dung.* Fine fed Fowls—if it please you.

*Fur.* [Yet not better fed than taught. There's a Primer among them, will bring you to your *Psalms* of Mercy.]

*Dung.* Here's one, a good tender Bird, of your Worship's own breed, your Worship may do well to keep it.

*Mar.* Ay, and so I will.—My People, Neighbour, are not at Home to bid you drink,—But here's a couple of Pence for you.— Give me the Basket.

*Dung.* I thank your Worship. I hope they will prove well, and give you Content.—By your leave. *Exit.*

*Mar.* Farewel, farewell.—Oh, I love this young Flesh at my Heart.—My Nephew, since the Keys were gone, and he in danger to be a Father, is grown very kind. I'll in, and *Ursley* is pritty hearty, she shall dress one of them and we will be merry. *Exit.*

*Fur.* Gramarcy Invention, This is even as I would have it.

*Homily comes forth.*

*Sir Hom.* This is sweet Revenge! —I'll now to Horse, and away

away to the Bishop.—When I return, if his two Capons be a-  
live, Ple pluck a Feather with him: We have an Order of Pen-  
nance for him, and make him pay *Hob* his Mony again for Si-  
mony:—But I hope he'll prevent all, and hang himself.

When I return, then shall I read to sing,  
I'll take possession, and my Bells shall ring;  
Shall ring these Changes; and at every Knell  
*Marchchurch* shall cry, It is his Passing-Bell.  
And if with Bells my Self I cannot deal,  
I pray you lend your Hands to ring a Peal. — *Exit.*

*Fur.* Why so,—Is not this better than a Dialogue, or some  
stew'd Prunes?—Tie in, and Fox little *Comedie's* Nose for this,  
and send you out an Epilogue. — *Exit.*

## The EPILOGUE.

**A**LL's well that ends well. This, tho' not allow'd,  
Yet like light Gold, it may go in a Crowd.  
I know the Folks are pleas'd; they think it rare,  
Because it glitters.—But you Touch-stones are.  
Our trembling Author wishes that it might  
Rather have gone a Trust, than pay what's Light.  
Sir Homily in's Pars'nage doubtful sits,  
Lest you put in your Quare Impedit's.

Mar-



Marchurch will bargain for a Plaudite,  
 If you'l strike Hands, it's made.----Hum--Simonie.  
 His Cotquean Nephew bids you, without stua'ing,  
 Be fair-condition'd, and eat Bread with Pudding.  
 Hob swears, if he were Parson, he would know  
 Whether Laughs were due to him, or no?  
 The Basket-maker to this Point will stand:  
 In taking Jest you must not use Short-band.  
 Nay more; the Tinker (so it be by stealth)  
 Hath made him swear, that he will drink your Health.  
 Your Palm'stry is more than the Gipsie's skill;  
 Cantell your Fortune, whether Good or Ill.

*Ceres*, after the Epilogue, speaks from Above.

Looking for Barley here, I hope you've found,  
 With *Æsop's* Cock, some Jewel on the Ground:  
 And if you have; Truth, let it so appear  
 Like Jewels, let each word hang on your Ear.  
 The Sport was Innocent, and if I'd had  
 A worthier Stage, I should have been more glad.  
 Hower'e, these shall be welcome to this Place  
 Each Year, and *Ceres* takes it for a Grace.

FINIS.